

The history

(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandam* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now fir, shee's a deadly theame.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan scene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue scene thee
As hot as *Persens*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forsaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'advanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I scene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in Steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-fire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.

Ene. Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.

Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'de fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue scene the time.

Vlis. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we haue here her base and pillar by vs?

Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Illion on your Greekish embassie.

Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

My

of Troilus and Cressida

My propheticie is but halfe his iour,
For yonder walls that pertly front
Yon towers, whose wanton tops
Must kisse their owne feete.

Hect. I must not belceue you.
There they stand yet, and modestly
The fall of euery Phrigian stone
A drop of Grecian blood: the en
And that old common arbitrator

Vlis. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle and most valiant *Hec*
After the Generall, I beseech yo
To feast with me, and see me at n

Achil. I shall forestall thee long.
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes
I haue with exact view perused th

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, le

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay I haue done already

Achil. Thou art too brieft, I wi
As I would buie thee, view thee

Hect. O like a booke of sport

But ther's more in me then thou
Why doost thou so oppresse me

Achil. Tell me you heauens, in
Shall I destroy him: whether the

That I may giue the locall wound
And make distinct the very breas

Hectors great spirit slew: answe

Hect. It would discredit the bl
To answer such a question: stand

Thinkst thou to catch my life so
As to prenominate in nice conie

Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to t
I'de not belceue thee. Hence-for